Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, thogh I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the off

Stew. I neuer gaue hi
Very late to ſtrike at me
When he coniunct and
Tript me behinde, being
And put vpon him ſuch
That worthied him, got
For him attempting wh
And in the flechuent of
Drew on me heere agai

Kent. None of theſe re

Duke. Bring foorth t
You ſtubborne miſcrean
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde te
I ſerue the King, on whc
You ſhould do ſmall re
Againſt the grace and p
Stopping his Meſſenger

Duke. Fetch foorth t
There ſhall he ſit till noo

Reg. Till noone, till ni

Kent. Why Madam, if
vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his kn

Duke. This is a fellow
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, co

Gloſt. Let me beſeech
His fault is much, and th
Will checke him for't; y
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and tem
And moſt common treſp
The King muſt take it ill
In his Meſſenger, ſhould

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may rec
To haue her gentleman a

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